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## Domestic Opera.

Since the commencement of the Sontag operas, an enthusiastic friend of ours and his wife have become so carried away with the furor awakened by attendance two nights at the opera, that it is the hardest thing in the world for them to restrain their disposition to sing everything—the more so because they are both proficients in music. The other morning, while ordering his dinner, the butcher—a sedate man—was surprised to hear our friend shout out, with most emphatic enunciation.

"What will you take,
For that 'ere stake."

The butcher winked at his partner, and answered, with an air of composure, "A shillin' sir:" but it was evident that our friend was down in the day-book of his estimation as a lunatic. Making his purchase, and going out of the door, he met his neighbor Jones. Extending his hand frantically, he sung—

"Ah, friend Jones, and is it you?
How do you do, Jones, how do you do?
Long time since we've met together;
Isn't this delightful weather?"

Jones was astonished, as well he might be. Passing into a bakery to procure some bread for breakfast he sung to a very plaintive air—

"Bakers! bakers! bless your souls!
Let us have a dozen rolls."

and rolled the words "rolls" out so tenderly that the baker's wife burst into tears. The rolls were take down by the baker's wife, when, finding his voice again, he sang with great feeling—

"Dearest one! with fingers taper,
Tie the bread up in a paper!"

which she did, and he went home humming and beating time on the paper parcels he held in his arms. His wife met him at the door, wringing her hands.—The fit was on her, and she commenced singing—

"My dear Charles, what *do* you think?
The coffee's all as black as ink!
I'm so provoked that I can cry"

CHARLES—

"Stop, my dear, it's all in your eye!
When misfortune comes, why bear it;
I, your loving spouse, will share it.
Come, now, let us sit at table,
Do the best that we are able,
Let the coffee go to grass,
We will have some tea my, lass."

WIFE—

"Oh, my Charles, you happy make me!"

CHARLES—

"If I don't, the duce may take me!
Hear the words that now I utter—
My love is strong, and—so's the butter—
Trust me it will ne'er be weary—
Pass the toast and cheese, my deary."

BOTH—

"Now good bye, my dearest treasure!"

CHARLES—

"Cook the steak just to your pleasure,
But see that it's not overdone,
And I will be at home by one."

BOTH—

"Good bye, farewell,
'Tis hard to part;
I cannot tell
How dear thou art."

How this will end, it is hard to foresee, but "friends of the family" shake their heads, and point to their foreheads significantly—as much as to say there is something wrong about our unfortunate friend's phrenology.—*Boston Post.*

TO CLEAN SILVER.—When silver has become much tarnished, spotted or discolored, it may be restored by the following process:—Having dissolved two teaspoonfull of powdered alum in a quart of moderately strong ley, stir in a gill of soft soap, and remove the scum or dross that may rise to the surface. After washing the silver in hot water, take a sponge and cover every article all over with this mixture. Let the things rest about a quarter of an hour, frequently turning them.—Next wash them off in warm soap suds, and wipe them dry with a soft cloth.—Afterwards brighten them with rouge-powder, or with whitning and spirits of wine.

## Ærial Navigation.

Mons. Petin the French balloonist, who was expelled from Paris by Lewis Napoleon, is now in New Orleans, preparing for a great experiment in ærial navigation, which he designs to make about the middle of the present month. For this purpose he is constructing an apparatus, consisting of two immense balloons, the largest in the world, to which will be attached a long, slender car, called a 'ship' The latter is to be furnished with sails, screw propellers, and an electro-magnetic engine, now building in the North. In case the latter should not arrive in time, Monsieur Petin will use a small but powerful steam engine which will be ready for him, so that there may be no delay. The balloons will be inflated from the city gas works. The *Picayune*, from which we glean these facts, says that Monsieur Petin is a man of scientific research and learning, to whom the balloon is not a mere means of amusement to a crowd, but something to be used in devising a practical and useful system of ærial navigation.

VALUABLE RECIPE.—Take Plaster Paris and soak it in a saturated solution of alum, then bake the two in an oven, the same as gypsum is baked, to make it Plaster of Paris, after which they are ground to powder. It is then used as wanted, being mixed up with water, plaster, and applied. It sets into a very hard position, capable of taking a very high polish. It may be mixed with various coloring minerals to a cement of any color, capable of imitating marble. This is a very rare recipe, and is worth twenty dollars to many of our subscribers, who can prepare for themselves.

TO CLEAN CARPETS.—Your carpets being first well beaten and freed from dust, tack it down to the floor; then mix half a pint of bullock's gall with two gallons of soft water; scrub it well with soad and with this gall mixture; let it remain till quite dry, and it will be perfectly cleansed and look like new, as the colors will be restored to their original brightness. The brush you use must not be too hard, but rather long in the hair, or you will rub up the nap and damage the article.

NAILS GROWING IN THE FLESH.—A late writer in the "Ohio Cultivtor" gives the following remedy: Cut a notch in the middle of the nail every time the nail is pared. The disposition to close the notch draws the nail up from the sides. It cured mine after I had suffered weeks with its festering.

ADVERTISING.—Dr. Buckley, in one of his lectures, made use of an illustration something like this: "Holding a dime close to his eyes with one hand, and a half dollar at some distance with the other, said he, I cannot now see the half dollar with this eye, for the dime is so close it obscures my vision. So it is with mankind in their eagerness to save one dollar, they often lose sight of fifty within their reach. This is a very apt illustration of the benefits of advertising. In saving one dollar for advertising, dealers often fail to secure a customer whose trade would be worth perhaps hundreds of dollars to them. Such merchants hold up the dime so close that they cannot see the dollar they might obtain.

A DODGE.—When Deacon B. got into a bad position, he was very expert at crawling out of it. Though too quick tempered, he was one of the best deacons in the world. He would not, in a sober moment utter an oath, or anything like one, for his weight in cider.

At the close of a rainy day, he was walking upon a knoll in his barn-yard; on one side of which was a dirty slough, and on the other an old buck, that, in consideration of his usually quiet disposition, he was allowed to run with the cows. The deacon was piously humming "Old Hundred," and had just finished the line ending with "exalted high," when the ram, obeying a certain impulse to be aggressive, gave him a blow from behind that sent him up a short distance, only to fall directly into the slough, where the dirty water was deep enough to give him a thorough immersing.

As he crawled out, and before he rose from his hands and knees, he looked over his shoulder at the ram and then vociferated:

"You d——d old cuss!" but on looking around and seeing one of his neighbors looking at him, he added in the same breath, "if I may be allowed the expression."

It is thought by French physicians that Louis Napoleon cannot survive much longer than a year. He is in very ill health.

## The Mormons.

A problem of singular difficulty, and every day growing more and more portentous—than which, if we except African Slavery, none is more difficult of solution—is rising in the distant West before the American Government and people. Ere long they will have to grapple with it. Whether it can be peaceably solved the future alone can tell.

A new territory, carved out of the recent conquests from Mexico, stretching from the summit of the Rocky Mountains on the East, through thirteen *degrees* of longitude, to the land of gold. A branch of the Indian family, the Pah-Utahs—roamed its prairies and claimed it as their own. But a new tribe and sect—driven from State to State, fleeing, before an indignant people, from Ohio, from Missour, and Illinois, struggling with cold and hunger, and encountering the most fearful hardships and privations, daring the ferocious savages that dwelt along their route, and dragging slowly along their children, goods and domestic implements, at length make their tedious way to the home of the Utahs; and having, as they no doubt supposed, reached the isolated spot, so far from all organized society that they would be free from disturbances for many, many years, they set themselves down in the valley of the Jordan—in the 'land of the Honey Bee'—plant their absurd faith and begin a new nation. Some six years have since elapsed, and the census of the Great Salt Lake City probably enumerates, at this day, some forty or fifty thousand people—while in other parts of the world, two hundred and fifty thousand more embrace the Mormon faith. In this far off wilderness, so recently known only to the moccasin, the arts are flourishing in a high degree. Woolen factories, to be supplied by fleeces from the Jordon valley—sugar manufactories, to be fed with beets—potteries and cutlery establishments, send their hum through the astonished land. No such noise did it expect to hear for half a century to come. On a mountain terrace; overhanging the city, the site of a contemplated university is already laid out and enclosed. Schoolhouses are springing up, and are supplied with competent teachers from a central Normal School. Gigantic preparations are in progress to build up a Temple, which is intended to surpass every existing or historic structure in splendor and magnitude. The city is laid out on a scale of magnificent proportions, to which hitherto, the world has been a stranger—a scale corresponding with the breadth of territory on whose bosom they dwell—corresponding with their expectations of growth, and compared with which the narrow avenues of modern and ancient cities, are mere mathematical lines—already, three miles in breadth and four in length, its streets are regularly diagramed, each eight rods in width, with sidewalks of twenty feet—every block forty rods square, containing eight lots of an acre and a quarter each; and every tenement obliged by law to retreat twenty feet from the front line, to make room for a delightful margin of shrubbery and trees. A perenial stream flows through the city; and pours its pure waters down both sides of every street, and carries irrigation to their bounteous gardens. A warm spring bubbles from the mountains; and following pipes, reaches a public bathing-house. A soil of exuberant productiveness stretches around them. Compatively little solicitation is necessary from the hand of man to bring its grains and fruits to perfection and maturity. Twenty miles to the north-west slumber the heavy waters of great Salt Lake. This vast body of the purest brine—so densely impregnated that men cannot sink in it, if they try—fills a basin of thirty by seventy miles, and will, doubtless, be the scene of the exhaustless salt manufacture for those future generations that will inhabit the immense domain between the Rocky Mountains and the Sea. Already a United States mail route reaches from this city to San diego on the Pacific coast, near which the Salt Lake Mormons have, thus early, established a colony. Other and out-post settlements are planting around them, on the Weber and the Timpanagoes. Mormon missionaries are proslyting the world, and converging their convicts to the new city of Utah. The unconquerable mountains of Wales are sending their hardy sons to preach and practice the Mormon creed in the Western World. And here, between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, over eleven hundred miles from the city of New York, rapidly grows this incipient community—bound together by a burning enthusiasm and a common faith, compacted by persecutings, welded by the necessity of self-support and self-defence,—its founder a sot, and its Bible a theft—one of the strangest phenomena to which the present, or any age, has given birth.—How far was it from the thoughts of the minister, Solomon Spalding, when, at Cherry Valley, in New York, he composed his imaginary history called the 'Manuscript Found,' that it would be seized by an ignorant and truthless drunkard, proclaimed to have been engraved on golden plates, become the Scripture of a new and numerous sect—in thirty years trail 800,000 zealots in its wake—count its worshipers in England, Germany, Sweden, in the mountain fastness of Wales, in Normandy, the East Indies and Sandwich Isles—and found a great city and State in that territory, which at the time he wrote, the foot of white man had never trod.

## DIETETICS.

BY T. L. NICHOLS, M. D.

If civilized men could be satisfied that they could have a purer health, and consequently greater strength and a higher enjoyment even of the pleasures of the table, by living upon vegetables, they would scarcely slaughter the myriads of animals that are now annually butchered so uselessly and so cruelly. Why should we take the life of one of God's innocent creatures in the midst of its enjoyments? Why imbrue our hands in blood and steep our hearts in cruelty? Why have about us portions of mangled corpses which can only be kept from putrefaction by the use of the most powerful antisectics? One would think that men would not do such deeds without some terrible necessity.

It is because he is naturally a carnivorous animal? because God made him for a life of slaughter? No; his anatomy shows he has but a distant relation to the flesh-eating tribes—the lions, tigers, wolves and hyenas. It proves him to be an eater of fruits, seeds and vegetables. There is no man who, if he were obliged to select a diet all flesh, or all vegetables, would not choose the latter. Give any man his choice to live a month on nothing but bread, or nothing but beef, and he would choose the bread.

Is it because flesh is necessary to our health? Certainly not. Every physician knows that vegetables contain the purest form of food. In certain cases they rigidly restrict their patients to a vegetable diet. Flesh is known to be inflammatory, putrefying, and liable to be diseased.—In certain conditions it develops the most deadly poisons. Persons who eat much flesh have violent diseases, and are difficult to cure. They are peculiarly subject to the plague, the small-pox, the cholera, and other fatal epidemics. In Smyrna, during Lent, which is kept by the Greeks, very few of them are attacked by the plague, even while the flesh-eating inhabitants are dying all around them.

Is flesh cheaper than vegetables?—There is a wide differnce the other way. Wheat, the best article of human nutriment, contains 85 per cent. of nutritious matter in the exact proportions required to make the best blood for the nourishment of the system, while the best flesh contains but 25 per cent. of nutritious matter, and that in the best proportions, while a pound of flesh costs as much as several pounds of wheat. The corn required to make pork enough to support a man one hundred days, would, if eaten in its pure original and far more healthy condition, afford him as much nutriment for 480 days, to say nothing of the time lost in feeding the animal. In fattening a hog, a certain number of bushels of good healthy corn and potatoes, are converted into a mass of greasy, and in many cases scrofulous pork, with great loss and trouble, while the flesh thus made does not contain one principle necessary to the human constitution which did not exist in a far better form in the vegetables on which it fed. In short it has been found by an accurate calculation that vegetable food is not merely better, but five hundred per cent. cheaper than the flesh of animals.

Since the attention of men of science has been turned to organic chemistry, the proportions of nutritive matter in various substances have been accurately ascertained. The following is the result of some of these inquiries:

Turnips contain 11 per cent. of nutritive matter; beets 11; carrots 13; flesh 25; potatoes 28; oats 82; peas 84; wheat 84½; beans 86; oatmeal 91. Corn is about the same as oats and wheat. Thus 100 pounds of flesh contain but 25 pounds of nutritive matter, and 75 lbs. of water, while the same quantity of potatoes contains 28 lbs. of nutritive matter, and wheat 85½; lbs.

But this is not all. The best food is that which contains the materials for muscles, nerves, bones, &c., and the matter for combustion which keeps up the vital heat, in proper proportions. The analysis of wheat shows us that these principles are found in it, in almost exactly the same proportion as in the blood; and this is the case to a great extent with most of the vegetable productions used for food, whereas flesh contains but one of these principles, and can but very imperfectly subserve the purposes of human nutriment.

——— Is flesh better than vegetables? This question is already answered. Chemical analysis proves that vegetables, especially the farinacea, as wheat, corn, rice, &c. contain the purest nutriment, and in the requisite proportions.—Why not? Do we want strength? See the powerful muscles of the ox and the horse, made from grass and grain. They need no beef steak to enable them to perform their labor; and if we eat the flesh of the ox, we only eat the grass and grain at second hand, mixed with effete animal matter, often with the poison of disease, and always deprived of some of its most important principles. Contrive as wemay, we must live on vegetables, and the only question is, whether we shall eat them at second hand, impure, unpleasant, and in many respects objectionable, as they are converted into the tissues of animals.

It is a question of science, of experience, of principle, and of taste. Science has demonstrated that the products of the vegetable kingdom are the natural food of man, most admirably adapted to all the wants of his system. Experience has shown that men can be sustained under all circumstances, on vegetable food, in their highest health and vigor. It should be a matter of principle not to inflict needless suffering, nor to condemn thousands of our fellow men to follow cruel and brutalizing employments. As to the question of taste, I fancy there can be no two opinions. Compare the flesh-eating animals with those that live on vegetables.

Of carnivorous animals in their natural state, we have the lion, the tiger, the wolf, the hyena, &c.; of vegetable eaters, the horse, camel, ox, elephant, ourang outang, &c., and of the omniverous, the hog. The lion has a fabulous reputation for courage and magnanimity; but the best informed naturalists assure us that he is treacherous, cowardly and ferocious like all his class. The hog may be a respectable animal in his way, but he has no qualities that I am aware of, to induce me to follow his example in regard to diet. Look now at the calm dignity of the "half reasoning elephant;" the patient docility of the camel; the noble character and beauty of the horse; the strength and usefulness of the ox; the almost human sagacity of the monkey tribe; and draw an inference, if you will, of the relative merits of the different systems of diet.—As a matter of taste and feeling, I should think every person of refinement would give a preference to the vegetarian system. On the one side you have fields of waving grain, trees loaded with luscious and odorous fruits, fair apples, blushing peaches, blue plums and golden nectarines; vines laden with purple grapes, and a wealth of fruits and berries innumerable, making the earth all beauty and sweetness. On the other you have stall-fed beasts, cruel and ferocious butcheries, the pestilential odor of slaughter-houses, gutters running with blood, the mangled and putrefying carcasses of dead animals, making, altogether, a scene of such abominations as no person of sensibility wishes to contemplate.

What is more beautiful than corn and fruits? What more revolting than dead corpses? Who does not gather the vegetable portion of his food with pleasure? Who would butcher his own meat if he could have it done for him? What more graceful present than cakes and fruits? What more ridiculous than the present made to the Queen of England, the other day, of a lot of sausages?

I do not write to impose my opinions upon others. Let every one examine the subject, and be fully persuaded in his own mind. Hogs will continue to be fattened, and pork to be eaten; but let every man, who reasons at all, satisfy himself that his natural food is the flesh of the hog, and no one ought to quarrel with his decision. I have no no doubt that a very large proportion of disease and premature mortality of this country comes from our inordinate eating of flesh, and when the question is fairly examined, all medical men will be of the same opinion.

☞A writer in the Baltimore Sun, who has been afflicted severely in his family by that appalling disease, bronchitis, has found relief from the following remedy:

"Take honey in the comb, squeeze it out, and dilute with a little water, and wet the lips and mouth occasionally with it."

It has never been known to fail in cases even where children had throats so swollen as to be unable to swallow. It is certainly a simple remedy, and may be a very efficacious one.

REMARKABLE.—Speaking of the death of an aged man, one of our exchanges says, "He retained remarkable possession of all his mental faculties down to within a few miles of his residence.

"JAMIE," says one honest Irishman to another the first time he saw a locomotive. "What is that snorting baste?" "Sure," replied Jamie, "I don't know at all, unless it is a steam boat splurging along to get to water."

*Hail Storm.*—The Roanoke Republican is informed that on the morning after a hail storm which occurred near Brinkleyville, a few days since, in Halifax county, the hail laid on the ground to the depth of eighteen inches. The Editor says, "this may appear incredible, but it is nevertheless true."

TIGHT SCREWING.—'Do you support General Scott?'

'No.'

'Do you support General Pierce?'

'No.'

'What, do you support Hale?'

'No sir-ee! I support Betsy and the children, and its mighty tight screwing to get along at that, with corn only twenty cents a bushel.'

"John, has the doctor arrrived?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then go immediately for the undertaker, for coming events cast their shadows before them.

*Advice to sausage-fanciers.*—Spiggles advises that when you go to buy a lot of sausages, whistle loudly as you enter the shop, and note the effect. If the string of sausages squirms as if trying to get off the nail, buy a slice of ham for your breakfast.

## Agricultural.

### Education of Farmers.

*To the Editors of the Farm Journal.*—It is a curious inquiry why the knowledge of agriculture progresses so slowly; and why it has yet attained so little in this Country. It is a fact which we are all willing to concede, that our productions are little more than one half of what they should be, and far less than what they are elsewhere; and yet we seem to be content to bide our time, and be satisfied with results, when accident or chance shall produce them or when we shall be jostled from the "old way" by the coming generation.

More than seven hundred years before the Christian era, Isaiah propheticallly speaks of a threshing machine, "Behold I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth. And yet this intimation pointing out almost the very structure of the machine now in so common use, was not realized until the nineteenth century; and then received with a doubting caution that well nigh dampened the experiment. The merchant has carried his enteaprise into every nook and corner of the known—and I had almost written, unknown world; the learned have exerted their talents to the development and practical application of scientific principles, which has given to their class an enviable place in the estimation of mankind; the mechanic, availing himself of these developments of science, has given them form and shape to an extent which entitles them to the admiration of the world; whilst the farmer stands to gaze with mingled feelings of doubt and astonishment, that all the other pursuits of life whirl so rapidly past him.

What is the remedy for this admitted evil? We answer—the education of farmers' sons through the medium of an agricultural school. We mean a school to educate boys in the art and science of farming; and unless the farmers of our State will zealously embrace this idea, and avail themselves of it there is no hope that their condition can be otherwise improved but by the lapse of time, and happening of accidental circumstances.

There is no one of the colleges of this country adapted to instruct a farmer; on the contrary their system is calculated to educate young men to a state of entire unfitness for any such occupation. A boy graduated at one of our literay institutions has already spent that part of his life which alone can be profitably employed to learn the art of farming; and science without art, is still worse than art without science. There are peculiar reasons why farmers should take up this subject and make it their own. It is a fact with regard to the system upon which literary institutions are at present based, that their pecuniary resources are never adequate to their necessities, however economical they may be. The consequence of this is that the education is made to cost more than they, whorely upon the products of a farm, are able to pay. Besides if this expense should have been undergone, the farmer has in all probability driven his son from all taste or desire to pursue the calling for which his maturer judgment intended him. And if the boy should return to the farm, it is to exhibit to his disappointed father and brothers how little he knows of the business of his future life.

In an Agricultural School the pupils are laborers of the farm as well as in their study; their bodies are educated to the art, and their minds to the science of farming; whilst their hands are employed in the work of the farm, their minds are employed in the pursuit of the knowledge of the reasons for what they do; there is thereby an intermingling of theoretical science and practical art, which is but to be continued through their whole future lives. The Institution thus becomes, in a measure, self-sustaining; and the price of education may be reduced to a mere trifle.

FREDK. WATTS.

Carlisle, April 20, 1853.

### A Hint to the Farmer.

We may send to England for Durham cows, and to Spain or Saxony for choicest sheep; we may search the world over for cattle that pleases the eye; but, unless they receive the best care and liberal feeding, they will most assuredly deteriorate, and eventually become as worthless and as unworthy of propagation as any of the skeleton breeds that now haunt our rich but neglected pasture lands. We remember an enecdote in point and will relate it by way of illustration. A farmer having purchased a cow from a country abounding in the richest pasturage, found that she fell short of the yield which he was informed she had been accustomed to give. He complained to the gentleman of whom he had purchased, that the cow was not the one he had bargained for, or in other words, that she was not what she was 'cracked up to be."

'Why," said the seller, "I sold you my cow, but I did not sell you my pasture too."